

Kennedies

Jukebox the Ghost

I call you Gwen, that's short for Guinevere
You say darling, that makes me sound like a souvenir
We're broke, it's true, but maybe it's by our design
It don't put bread on the table but it made for a hell of a night

Sitting on the south lawn, drinking a glass of wine
It's good to be the king and the queen even if for a limited time
Slipping through our fingers, are we at the end of the line?
They say the best of us go young, the sweetest melodies are never sung

We're Kennedies in the making
So what's the point of waiting?
There can never be, be too much of a good thing
We're Kennedies in the making

You say it's rude to make a toast if it's before noon
That may be true but is it really a crime?
I raise a glass to you, to the queen of a minute or two
It's bittersweet but darling, we couldn't borrow the time

Sitting on the south lawn, drinking a glass of wine
It's good to be the king and the queen even if for a limited time
Slipping through our fingers, are we at the end of the line?
They say the best of us go young, the sweetest melodies are never sung

We're Kennedies in the making
So what's the point of waiting?
There can never be, be too much of a good thing
We're Kennedies in the making

Slipping through our fingers, are we at the end of the line?
They say the best of us go young, the sweetest melodies are never sung

We're Kennedies in the making
So what's the point of waiting?
There can never be, be too much of a good thing
We're Kennedies in the making